K

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

3

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO THOSE

Partial SONS of MOMUS.

"Ten *cenſure* wrong for One who *writes* amiſs."
POPE's *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

"Reply not to me with a *fool-born Jeſt.*"
SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXIX.

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TO THOSE

Partial SONS of MOMUS.

"Teach reason wrong for One who rarely errs."

"Reply not to me with a Pedlar's Wit."

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PREFACE.

WHAT a *Prophet* is the poignant, the witty, and ſarcaſtic Dr. *Kenrick!**---Yet the Author, little elevated, or depreſſed, by the Deciſions of the auguſt Fraternity of *Reviewers*, has (in Completion of the *Doctor*'s Prophecy) taken Leave to addreſs them, as deſerving of ſome *Reprehenſion*. If the *Reader* ſhould not think this Liberty *unjuſt*, thoſe *deſpotic*, *miniſterial* Gentlemen-*Critics* are extremely welcome to call it *unpoetical*. As the Author has often laughed *with* them, ſo he now takes the common Liberty of laughing *at* them.——Surely, it little becomes a *Critic* to quarrel with Poets, not for their bad *Verſification* or *Expreſſion*, but for their *antiminiſterial* Sentiments. Had theſe cenſorious Gentlemen reproved the Author for his *bad Writing*, he ſhould have thanked them for their candid *In-*

* Thus criticizes *W. Kenrick*, LL. D. &c. &c. &c. in his London Review for November laſt, upon the Ode addreſſed to the *Scotch Junto*:—"This is one of "the moſt furious *Fellows*, ſure, that ever brandiſhed a Gooſequill!—We ſhall, "therefore, be cautious what we ſay of him, leaſt he *fall foul* of the *Reviewers*, in "which Caſe bloody Work muſt of Courſe enſue."—He bien! Monſieur le *Docteur*; come on!—Have among you there!—"I am the very Butcher of a ſilk "Button."—"*Bilboa*'s the Word, and Slaughter muſt enſue."——

ſtruction,

ſtruction, and kiſſed their magiſterial Rod: But his not *thinking* to pleaſe them in a *political* Way, is a Crime which cannot fall under their Juriſdiction as *literary Critics*. Neither can the Author be compelled to keep his Thoughts (however different from *theirs*) to *himſelf*, till an *Act* for reſtraining the Liberty of the *Preſs* ſhall ſucceed to an *Act* for the *Toleration* and *Encouragement* of *Popery*. 'Till that Hour arrives, the Author will not be deterred from publiſhing his Thoughts, by the Fear of *partial* Criticiſm, however captious, ſervile, illiberal, and malignant. From this Kind of *Cenſure* a Writer of *whiggiſh* Principles muſt not hope to be ſecure under any *Adminiſtration* who are baſe enough to uſe every Means they *dare* of ſubduing the *evil* Tendency of a *revolutional* Spirit, from the mercenary *Heſſian* and wild *Indian Scalper*, down to the mercenary *Johnſonian*, *Shebbearian*, and *Reviewing* Gooſequill.---From ſuch Critics the Author neither fears Cenſure, nor expects Applauſe. Regardleſs of each, his Muſe liſtens only to the Dictates of no mean Poet, who thus whiſpers in her Ear,

"Do *boldly* what you do, and let your Page
"Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage."

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REVIEWERS REVIEWED,

&c.

YE *literary Popes*, whoſe monthly *Bulls* *
So anathematize poetic Sculls;
Whoſe ſublimated Wit's ſharp Flaſhes ſcathe
Bards, who abhor *Bute*'s ſlaviſh Code of Faith;
Whilſt full *Indulgences*, on *Tories* ſhed,
Cheer many a rotten Heart and weakly Head;
To *Patriot*-Lines why do your grudge Applauſe,
Yet ſearch with Lynx's Eyes for venial Flaws?

* Note, Reader, by the Word *Bulls*, the Author alludes to *Papal*, and not *Iriſh* Bulls, of which, however, ſome of theſe *infallible*, reviewing Critics are ſometimes guilty.—See London Review for November laſt,---where the learned *Doctor* talks (in Page 311) of a *conciſe*, tho' *copious* Account, &c.---This Blunder furniſhes Dr. *Prieſtley* with a clear Proof againſt Dr. *Kenrick*, that even *animated* matter does not always *think*.

And, tho' you can't convict th'*unpenſion'd* Muſe
Of one *poetic* Failing, ſtill *abuſe*?
Sagacious in *Erratums* Slips to ſpy,
Of Letters, Points, or Tittle to an *i*,
Why ſhou'd your *Inqueſt* on *Italics** ſit,
And interdict *Whig-Types* the Realms of Wit?
Types, juſt turn'd out from *Caſlon*'s† ableſt Hand
To mark the greateſt *Traitors* in the Land.
From *Whigs* would Phœbus tear one Sprig of Bays,
Or ſmear rank *Jacobites* with fulſome Praiſe‡?
Tho' all Remonſtrance turns ſuch Critics pale,
And Reas'nings with no biaſs'd Minds avail;
On trembling Knees may one *Whig*-Poet dare
To fall before your *fulminating Chair*;
By Phœbus privileg'd, an *Audience* pray,
And ſtate ſome Hardſhips§ in his own *dull* Way?

* The *Critical* Reviewers have lately taken great Offence at thoſe impertinent *Italics* which have diſtinguiſhed *Scotch* Miniſters, *Scotch* Tr--t-rs, and *Scotch* Principles.

† A celebrated Letter-Founder.

‡ Inſtances of this are innumerable in all the *three Reviews*.

§ Inflicted upon *Whig* Writers of late by theſe *Reviewing Fraternities* in hard Words, as---*dull*---*malignant*---*petulant*---the *vileſt Dregs* of *political Fanaticiſm*---*Traitor*, &c. &c.—Staunch *Cerberus*'s theſe, and deſerving of their *Sops!*—*Buteans* to the very Hilt!---

Why

Why ſhou'd ye wound B-te's, M--f---d's, *Treaſon*'s Foes?
From them, alas! no *Milk* or *Honey* flows.
B-te's *golden* Smile can quench a *J--nſ-n*'s* Zeal,
And teach him for *himſelf* alone to feel;
Make him abjure the Path he trod before†;
And turn a *Penſionary* at *threeſcore*.
Gold prompts each *Tory*-Scribbler now to write,
And baits the Hook at which *ſome Critics* bite;
Makes *Prejudice* forget the Public Weal,
And cruſh *Court-Satires* to ſecure a Meal.

But ſoft!--*Reviewers!*--Why, ev'n Kings *review* ‡--
And Satire ſtings the more for being *true*.
Say then, *Treſilian* §, may my playful Muſe
In this *reviewing* Age her Subject chuſe;

* This *miniſterial* Champion of the *Quill* is mentioned as the Arch-Apoſtate, the Generaliſſimo of all the hackney *Quill-drivers*.—See the Pamphlets called the *Patriot*, and *Taxation* no *Tyranny*.

† This miniſterial *Penſioner* figured once among the warmeſt Writers upon *Revolution* Principles.

‡ Let me not ſay how long Admiral *Byron*'s Squadron was kept from defeating the Deſigns of France in America, for the more important Purpoſe of firing *Feux de Joie*, and ſinging *Catches and Glees*, at the *Portſmouth Review*.

§ What can the Author mean here by talking of *Treſilian*?—Why, this Chief Juſtice was *hanged* ſome Centuries ago for *altering and eraſing Records*, &c.

Free

Free from the Fears of *Inquiſition* ſing,
Nor *Ex Officio* * Tipſtaffs clip her Wing?
Shall no *Star-Chamber Mouſetrap* be contriv'd;
Or, in her Caſe, *John Bingley*'s † ſtand reviv'd,
For *W-dd-rb-rne* or *W-ll-ce* to report,
Where Juſtice *Minos* ‡ rules his pliant Court?
Minos, to whom glum *Dis* § Inſtructions gives
To ſtickle for his *black* Prerogatives;
Whoſe fierceſt Fires with flaming Sulphur roaſt
Each *revolutional*, *reſiſting* Ghoſt,

* Alluding to *Ex Officio* Informations; one of the worſt and moſt odious Badges of arbitrary Prerogative, which ſhould, among other Grievances, have been cruſhed at the *Revolution*.

† The Caſe of poor John Bingley the Printer muſt be well remembered, long impriſoned for his ſpirited, laudable Contumacy in not ſubmitting to anſwer certain *Star-Chamber Interrogatories*. When the diſappointed Court of King's Bench thought fit to diſcharge him, the prettieſt Scene of Law-Coquetry enſued that was ever exhibited in *Banco Regis*.—J. B. was brought to the Bar---his *Diſcharge* was moved for.---C. J. What do you ſay to this, Mr. *Attorney?*---Atty. Gen. Nothing, my Lord.---C. J. No!—do you move Nothing?---Atty. Gen. No, my Lord.----C. J. Do you oppoſe Mr. Bingley's Diſcharge, or do you conſent to it?---Atty. Gen. I neither oppoſe it, nor conſent to it, my Lord.---C. J. How then?---Atty. Gen. Mr. Bingley has been committed for a *Contempt* of this Court, my Lord, and he is now before the Court.——The *Odium* of B.'s Commitment was not to be thrown upon the Atty. General's Shoulders---and B. was diſcharged without Bail, and without anſwering illegal, unconſtitutional, *Star-Chamber Interrogatories*, tending to make the poor Man *accuſe himſelf*.---

‡ *Minos*---an *infernal* Judge.

§ King *Pluto*---a ſulky Monarch.

That

That does but *wiſh** ſuch Torments to relax,
Or thinks *Hell*'s Tortures a *tyrannic Tax*.
Ah! who can ſay what Truths may intervene,
To raiſe *Butean*, or *Plutonian* Spleen?
Each in Appearance diff'rent as in Name,
Yet each in *Power* and in *Fact* the ſame.
Tho', like my Phraſe, my *Meaning* may be clear,
Yet *Innuendos* † chill my Soul with Fear.
Staunch *W-dd-rb-rne* the Jury's Brain may turn
By jumbling *Reaſon* in *Chican'ry*'s Churn;
Whilſt *W-ll-ce*, zealous in his late-earn'd Place,
Gives *Special-Pleading* ſpecial Strength of *Face*.
But, when a Bard, in Language not uncouth,
Of *Miniſters*, *Thanes*, *Kings*, proclaims the Truth,
On *Critic*-Wheels why muſt his honeſt Muſe
Be ſtretch'd and broke in mercileſs *Reviews*?
Why give the *Baſtinado*? Why *impale*?
Why baulk an Author's *Appetite* and *Sale*?

* Such a *Wiſh* is declared to be *High Treaſon* by Penſioner *Johnſon* in his *Taxation no Tyranny*.

† An ingenious Piece of Law-Chicanery in Indictments and Informations upon *Libels*, whereby the *Pope's infallible Candle* may be made to mean the *Archbiſhop of Canterbury*, or a *Cat* may ſignify a *Pocket-Piſtol*.

By *Flatt'ry* are your *Critic-Charters* held?
With G—— and *Bute* muſt ev'ry Verſe be ſwell'd?
In Uniſon with *Johnſon* and *Mauduit*,
Muſt all hail *this* a Patriot, *that* a Wit?
Muſt all extol *Court-Factions* to the Skies,
And ſwear G--m--ne's a *Parthian** when he *flies?*
In Panegyric *Meſſalina* ſing,
And mount her *Stallion* on Pindaric Wing?
Praiſe ſupple Y---k's *political* Harangue †;
And fear to call a *mitred Clan* a *Gang?*
Muſt I ſubmit to Shackles like *Shebbeare*'s,
To earn a Dinner, or inſure my Ears?
In *Pop'ry*'s Cauſe hire out my venal Quill;
Nay, canonize that *Saint* who penn'd the *Bill*‡?
O'er M---f---d's odious Name ſweet Incenſe breathe,
And rev'rence *Furs*, tho' *Treach'ry* lurks beneath?

* The *Parthians* frequently flew from their Enemy, not out of *Cowardice*, but Stratagem, at the ſame Time turning their Bows and Arrows behind them, and making deſperate Havock of their Enemy in their *Flight*.

† Who can have forgot, or ever will forget, this pitiful, abſurd, *miniſterial* Sermon by a *time-ſerving* A---b---p, who looks more to *Canterbury* than to *Heaven?*---But, "*Sic* itur ad Aſtra."——*Mark him!*—

‡ Alluding as well to the *Quebec Bill* for the Eſtabliſhment of *Popery* in *Canada*, as to its late Introduction into Great Britain by a late Act for its Toleration and Encouragement.

I hate

I hate a *Jeſuit*, tho' he wears no Cowl:
For ſuch let each retain'd *Revietwer* howl,
From *Pidgeon*'s * Garret turn out a *Scotch* Guard,
And ſummon Champions from the *King's-Bench Yard.*
Let B-te his *Slaves* at *Becket*'s † but content,
His *Tory-Creed* will meet with no *Diſſent.*
Some Conſciences diſtinguiſh well between
The Creed that's *Miniſterial*, and *Nicene.*
No Council's *heterodox* where B-te ſits *Pope*,
And guides *C-rnw--lis* in his *papal* Cope ‡.
Thus *Faction* wins her Hackney-Partizans,
And gives to *Critics* Claws like *Caliban*'s §;
Which many a *would-be* Author trembling ſhuns,
Scar'd at her carping *M-rtins*, *Balfes*, and *Duns* ‖.

* Commander in Chief of Mr. *Hamilton*'s (the Printer's) *Devils*, and alſo an occaſional Critic among the *Critical Reviewers.*

† Bookſeller---the Corner of the Adelphi, and Dry-Nurſe to the *Monthly Reviewers.*

‡ This *Hierarch* declared in a great Aſſembly, that he could not perceive, nor did he think, that *Popery* was *eſtabliſhed* by the *Quebec Bill* in *Canada.*

§ See a fine Print of this Monſter of Shakeſpeare's Brain, after a Deſign by Mortimer.

‖ The very *Butchers* of *Antiminiſterialiſts*---Characters well known.---- To ſome Authors criticizing *Pens* ſeem as terrible as *Piſtols*, or *Poniards*, in the *loyal* Hands of a *M-rtin*, a *Balfe*, or a *Dun.*---

Vanquiſh'd

Vanquiſh'd by Subjects whom ſhe ſtrove to ſink,
She triumphs now in Armaments of *Ink*.
No longer truſting to the Strength or Skill
Of hir'd *Aſſaſſins*, ſhe enliſts the *Quill*
Obſervantly to watch the *Rebel-Preſs*,
And ſtifle Bards who write without *Addreſs*.
Reviews no Paſſport to thoſe Sheets allow,
Whoſe Author to the *Thane* diſdains to bow:
No cheering Puffs they pen on his Behalf
Who falls not down before their *Golden Calf*.
Convinc'd, ev'n ſtaunch *Republicans* at Heart
Into the Frenzies of a *Filmer* ſtart;
And ſtiff *Diſſenters*, changing their old Note,
To *Popes* and *Tyrants* proſtitute their Vote.

Suits this, ye *Critics*, with the *Critic*'s Laws?
Writes the Bard well,---Why do you check Applauſe?
Candour, no partial Niggard of her Praiſe,
To *Genius* her unbiaſs'd Tribute pays;
Her Laurel-Wreath to real *Merit* brings,
Whether ſhe deifies or cenſures *Kings*;

Withholds

Withholds from no *Republican* juſt Fame,
Nor ſtabs that Muſe who hates a *Tyrant*'s Name.
With *Party* and *Opinion* ſhe'll diſpenſe,
When at her Shrine Bards offer Sterling Senſe.
Shou'd *Perſeverance* force a ****† to fly
For Food and Raiment to a *foreign* Sky;
If, in prophetic Strains ſome Bard foretold
The dread Event, muſt *Critics* call him *bold?*
When Peers turn *Minions*, Dowagers *lewd Jades*,
May no true Briton ſay that *Spades* are *Spades?*
Unleſs the Bard adopt the *Laureat*'s ‡ Strain,
Does he take ev'ry royal Name *in vain?*
What if he ſmiles when *Nero*'s Friends look *ſad?*
Muſt he be deem'd *politically mad?*
Say, will his Slaver kill this *loyal* Town,
Unleſs *Reviewers* run to knock him down?

† The Reader is at Liberty to fill up this Chaſm with any Monoſyllable he pleaſes, provided that it has *four* Letters in it, and no more.——Ye *critical Decypherers*, look ſharp!—To your *Myſtery!* To your *Myſtery!*

‡ Alas! poor *Whitehead!* whoſe jaded Muſe is eternally racked for courtly *Panegyric.*—How dearly this Manufacturer of *loyal Odes* earns his Butt of *Sack!* eſpecially in Times like theſe.

If on *freſh-water Fights* * he caſts a Slur,
Has a plain *Hydrophobia* ſeiz'd the Cur?
What, if at *courtly Butts* his Shafts fly looſe,
And graze a *Fool*, or *Knave*, is this *Abuſe?*
Away with Terms falſe, ſervile, and uncouth!
'Tis Satire dignify'd by manly *Truth*.
Foe to B-te's *Faction*, if he boldly flies
At *Scottiſh* Quarries, on the Spot he dies.
Behold! three *Sawneys*, with Intent to *kill*;
Level from *Hamilton*'s † their murd'rous Quill!
Hark!---hoarſe *M-cph-rſon* for that Standiſh bawls,
To which he owes *his* Fortune and *Fingal*'s.
Trebly *diploma'd* from learn'd *Aberdeen*,
Lo! Doctor *Hellebore*, with ranc'rous Spleen,
Th' *Empiric's*, *Surgeon's*, *Midwife*'s Province quits,
To draw that *muckle Whinniard* of his Wits,
His angry Gooſequill, in his *Thane*'s Defence,
For five *Scotch Merks*---dear Purchaſe of his Senſe!

* In a freſh-water Harbour, in a Canal, or in an elegant Ciſtern of fair Water in a princely Baby-Houſe, the prettieſt Element of all for magnificent *Naumachia's*.——What ſays my *Pinchey* to this happy Thought?

† Printer of the *Critical Review*.

Shou'd

Shou'd he thro' *J--nſ-n*'s Glaſs *Corruption* view,
Five more would purchaſe Soul and Body too,
Subdue his Conſcience to the *Thane*'s worſt Plan,
And buy the whole *Fee Simple* of the Man.
His right-hand Friend, yon *Lay*-Divine, *M'Quirk*,
Predeſtin'd once to ſnivel in the *Kirk*,
Throws off his Band, and quits the canting Strain,
To let out, by the Week, his fertile Brain;
Like him who penn'd (ſuch *Lies* few *Saints* abhor)
Conſiderations on Pitt's German War * :
(*Bentley* † himſelf, who bully'd all the *Nine*,
Ne'er tortur'd ſo the Greek or Roman Line:)
A mere *Procruſtes*, in tyrannic Sport,
To *Treaſon* ſtretching Meanings that fall ſhort;
Decyph'ring Daſhes, Aſteriſks, and Blanks,
In Hopes of earning Food, and *Lairdly* Thanks.
Thus the *Belles Lettres* with us Britons rear
Their trembling Heads, convuls'd 'twixt Hope and Fear,
When at *Reviewing Bars* poetic *Whigs* appear.

* A Pamphlet written, under the Colour of what Dr. *Johnſon* would call *True Patriotiſm*, for the ſingle baſe Purpoſe of vilifying, and groſsly *belying*, that great Man the late Earl of Chatham—by the *Thane*'s Command.

† That unmerciful *Hypercritic* of tremendous Memory, the *ſlaſhing* Doctor *Bentley*, as Pope called him in his *Dunciad*.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Candour*, more inclin'd to praiſe than blame,
Invites all Writers to the Liſts of Fame,
Cenſure intimidates, with Fragments * hung,
Which *Petulance* from mangled Bards had wrung †.
Dangling by Piecemeal, many a Patriot-Muſe
Feels from her Hand an envious Rent or Bruiſe.
Before her limps juſt *Satire*, baſely lam'd,
Its Title blotted, and its Bard defam'd.
Around her torn *Boſtonian* Poems fly:
O! that their Authors, vanquiſh'd thus, cou'd die!
Bute's Panegyric hear her charm'd rehearſe!
At *Luton* penn'd in ſuffocating *Erſe* ‡.
Happy's that Author, who can thus delight
Cenſure's chaſte Ear, or ſtrangle Truth like *Wr-ght* §;

* Hear, O ye *Critical* Reviewers, hear!—"*Fragmenta* ſunt Partes Rei *fractæ*."—*Duncius*.

† Namely, thoſe "*diſjecti Membra Poetæ*" mentioned by that Author who is called *Horace* by all but *Scotchmen*.---They call him *Floccus*.---How do this *Great People* diſdain to ape the reſt of Mankind, even in *Trifles*, as well as *Principles!*

‡ This, ſay the *Sawneys*, is the moſt harmonious, nervous, and expreſſive Language in the World. *Maiſter M'Pherſon*'s *Fingal* was pretended to have been originally written in *Erſe*.

§ The Public have been lately put into Poſſeſſion of a ſufficient Key to this and the few following Lines by ſome choice *Caledonian* Publications.

With

With duteous pen, at proud *M---tſt--rt*'s Coſt,
Patch up that Honour which a *Father* loſt;
Or, ſtriving thus to waſh an *Æthiop* clear,
Slander the Mem'ry of a *Patriot-Peer*.
For him *Hibernia* ſhall exhauſt her Store,
And on her *Penſion-Liſt* feel one Kn-ve more.
See yawning *Momus*, Son of *Sleep* and *Night*,
With Eyes too weak to bear Phœbean Light,
Watching to catch the Wink from *Cenſure*'s Eye,
With eager Graſp at *Whig*-Productions fly!
Chagrin'd, within his envious Talons bring
Cruſh'd *Epigrams* with mutilated Sting!
Mark how his Blaſts, ſharp as the Serpent's Tooth,
Nip yon *Horatian* Poet in his Youth!
On Stripling *Whiteheads** how he cuts vile Jokes,
And Infant *Churchills* in the Cradle choaks!
But, with a Smile of Praiſe and ſweet Content,
Hugs ſlunk Productions from *St. James*'s ſent,
Where little is expreſs'd, and Nothing meant;

* The nervous *Pauls*, not the ſing-ſong Laureate *Williams*.

Where *Satire* totters on unequal Feet,
Mawkiſhly flat, and innocently ſweet;
Vile *Embryos!* fit for no chaſte Eye to ſee,
Dropp'd, dead-born, from the Fumes of *Ratafee.*
Thus *Cenſure* holds a true *Bœotian** Court,
Giving *Mock-Audience* to each Muſe for Sport.
Sing e'er ſo ſweet, ſhe heeds not what is ſung,
But at her *Vaſſals* lolls her royal Tongue †;
Breaks the bold *Epic*, checks the *Lyric* Tide,
And bids her *Momus* ev'ry Strain deride.
Durſt the Muſe riſe? With pert *Buffoon'ry*'s Frown
Momus, in *R-gby*'s Form, ſoon cuffs her down:
If in familiar Vein ſhe deigns to creep,
To Hums ſo drowzy *Cenſure* fain wou'd *ſleep.*
Shou'd ſpirit-ſtirring Lines alarm her Ear,
Such as might ſhake a *Tyrant*'s Soul with Fear,
Then her feign'd Paroxyſm's at the worſt,
Her Nerves are fritter'd, and her Ears are burſt:

* A foggy Country, noted for producing thick-ſculled People.

† Note, Reader, this delicately-pictureſque Caſt of Features is taken from the *Drawing-Room.*—Do you remember the Scene which was exhibited when a late patriotic Lord-Mayor went up with a Remonſtrance?—Do you remember Mr. Beckford.

Bold

Bold Strains unbrace her auditory Drum,
And *Graham** with his Syringes muſt come.
Sure of Repulſe, what wou'd rack'd Authors give
To be releas'd from this Alternative?
What muſt we Poets do when thus diſgrac'd,
'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* ſadly plac'd?
" With pitying Eye your Sons, O Phœbus! own;
" Nor *unredreſs'd* drive *Subjects* from your Throne.
" Make *Cenſure*'s Faction fly before your Face,
" Nor let your Laurels none but *Sawneys* grace.
" Let them with royal Smiles contented be,
" Like *Johnſon*, bleſt with *Penſion* and *Degree*.
" Henceforth, no Candidates for Fame deſpair,
" But croaking Natives of *Bœotian* Air;
" Such as, too impotent to win the Muſe,
" Like Eunuchs toil in vain, or write *Reviews*."
The God aſſenting, ſtrait it was decreed
That *Genius* ſhou'd diſpenſe his laurel'd Meed;

* A celebrated modern Scotch *Auriſt* and *Oculiſt*, who with the venerable Dr. *Wilſon* did peculiar Homage to Mrs. *Catherine Macaulay* (the Hiſtorian) at *Bath*, ſome ſhort Time ago, when that Lady ſat exalted on her *literary Throne*, ſweetly ſmiling on her idolizing Vaſſals, as they proſtrated themſelves before her, humbly offering Poems of their own Manufacture at the Shrine of her Beauty.

Of

Of injur'd Bards the juſt Petitions hear,
And place *Deſert* above the *Critic*'s Sneer.

Spacious the Vale where *Genius* choſe to ſit,
Acknowledg'd Sov'reign o'er the Realms of Wit;
On *Avon*'s Banks, where her own Hand had hung
That Lyre which once for *Akenſide* it ſtrung;
When he, whom, next to *Shakeſpeare*, we call *ours*,
Charm'd all her Senſes and engroſs'd her Pow'rs *.
Enchanting Spot! where Nature, void of Art,
Might feaſt a *Titian*'s Eye, and charm his Heart:
Where no *Chamberian* † Impotence appear'd;
No poor Deceptions in *Chineſe* were rear'd.
There *Petrarch*'s love-born Turtles ſtill might breed,
And *Tityrus* ſtill tune his oaten Reed:
There *Thompſon* might have giv'n his Fancy Scope,
And Nature furniſh'd Images for *Pope*.

* See that fine Writer's *Odes*, as well as his *Pleaſures of Imagination*, where all the united Powers of Genius and Fancy are diſplayed.

† See an Heroic Epiſtle to Sir *William Chambers*—the great modern Embelliſher of Ground—who cries out, "Give me but *Space*, and I "aſk no more—Leave the reſt to me."—

Beneath

Beneath an Arch with Miſletoe* o'ergrown,
Where ſpreading Oaks preſerv'd the ſacred Stone,
Simplicity for *Genius* rais'd a Throne.
Ruſtics, whole Ages paſt, had been afraid
To violate that ſolemn, awful Shade,
Where *Druids*† once their myſtic Rites conceal'd,
And Heav'n's Decrees to proſtrate Kings reveal'd.
There Shepherds, when the folding Star appear'd,
Minſtrels unſeen and Hymns aerial heard;
There, round the Turf where *Shakeſpeare*'s Reliques lie,
At duſky Eve ſtill dancing *Fays* they ſpy,
And mark their Ringlets with a cautious Eye.
Genius in this lov'd Spot her Form diſplay'd,
In Mien another Heliconian Maid,
Soft as the Stream that water'd all the Scene,
Bright as the full-orb'd Moon, and as ſerene.
Her Throne, beneath mild Cynthia's Beam uprear'd,
In ſable-ſilver'd Majeſty appear'd.
Around her flitted each obſequious Ghoſt,
Whom in their mortal State ſhe lov'd the moſt.

* Held *ſacred* among the *Druids*.

† *Critics* will be pleaſed to recollect that the ancient Druids were the earlieſt Britiſh *Poets*.

Colleague with *Chaucer*, *Shakeſpeare* led the Van:
The Rear was clos'd by ſomewhat leſs than *Man*;
Tall, ſtaring Spectre!---Tho' once known to Fame,
A ſlaviſh Lacquey now, it wants a Name:
To *Tools* a *Tool*, its Life from B-te it draws;
The vile Effect of a ſtill viler Cauſe.
Curs'd with *two* Penſions and a *State-Degree* *,
Here, what was *J--nſ-n* once, now LL. D.
Of turgid Metaphor pours forth a Sea.
Hendecaſyllables run mountain-high,
Op'ning the Court with loud *Stentorian* Cry.
Since his Apoſtacy, mere *Sound*'s his Fort;
What need of *Senſe* for Cryer of a Court?
By *Genius* ſcorn'd, he ſhames this Occupation,
Since *Tyranny* retain'd him for *Taxation* †.
Like *Coventry* ‡, disfigur'd, and defac'd,
Here mangled *Shakeſpeare* ſaw his Critic plac'd,
And wiſh'd the *miniſterial Shade* more Taſte.

* Conferred by Virtue of *Laird* B-te's *Mandamus* to Lord N--th, and Lord N--th's to the ſupple *Univerſity* of *Oxford*.---N. B. Our *Doctor*'s Penſion was *doubled* after *Taxation no Tyranny*.

† See a moſt elaborate, *miniſterial* Pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*.

‡ Sir John Coventry, whoſe barbarous Aſſaſſination and Disfigurement gave Riſe to the *Act* called the *Coventry Act*, againſt *maiming* and *disfiguring*.

All,

All ſmil'd to ſee their *Stentor* ſafe return'd,
Who (as Fame went) at *Salem* * had been burn'd.
In *Scottiſh* Brogue, not yet unnerv'd by *French*,
The *Doctor* thrice with *O-yes* † ſhook the Bench:
Proclaiming Silence, thrice with vacant Eye
Ghaſtly he glar'd, and thrice he ſhook his *Tye*.
The Criminals, who heard his Howl from far,
With many a Reverence approach'd the Bar,
Preceded by Prætorian Faſces, born
By one, whoſe Front, well bronz'd, reſembled *H-rne* ‡;
Now Gaoler of each literary Traitor,
Since *Informations* § hurt his *pia Mater* ‖.

* In New England, where the *Doctor* was moſt *revolutionally* burned in Effigy, after being firſt hanged in Tar and Feathers for his very *patriotic* and *conſtitutional* Pamphlet *Taxation no Tyranny*.---What a Pity it is that the *Doctor* had not paſſed thro' this Solemnity in *propriâ Perſonâ*, for the Good of his Country as a *Patriot!*

† Not *Oyez*, but *O-yes*.---Thus this ſonorous Exordium to every *Cryer*'s Proclamation is barbarouſly pronounced, as our *Special Pleaders* pronounce their vile *Norman French*.

‡ This Gentleman, having lately ſignalized himſelf in *Philology* and *Criticiſm* on Saxon and Engliſh Letters, has an equal Right with the above learned, alphabetical *Doctor*, to figure at the Fag-End of the Retinue of the Goddeſs *Genius*.---He is, therefore, introduced here as Gentleman-Gaoler to the criminal *Literati*.

§ Meaning *Ex Officio Informations*.

‖ A well-known delicate Membrane which invelopes and defends the Brain.---When that is *injured*, Men (of good natural Underſtanding before) frequently turn *Reviewers*.

Genius,

Genius, who ſav'd in Mobs his Patriot-Scull,
And hid his Standiſh when the Moon grew full *,
At length preferr'd him to this truſty Poſt,
Where neither *Prieſt* nor *Lawyer* cou'd be loſt.
As *Ordinary*, his Time was partly ſpent
In bringing harden'd *Critics* to repent.
As *Counſel*, too, he pick'd up ſome ſtray Pence
In arming Brother-Culprits for *Defence*.
Ill fated *Hornio!* at thy Birth, ſweet Boy,
Thy Mother wept ere Goſſips gave her Joy.
" Secure all Pens and Ink," the Midwife cries;
" By theſe *black Arts* your Heir apparent dies!
" Conſult with *Jones* †, if you diſcredit me;
" Full in his Forehead glares a deadly T.
" All my Predictions turn out true in Fact;
" To *read* or *write*, they ſay's an *Overt-Act* ‡.

* For the unhappy Influence which the Moon *at full* has over diſordered Brains, ſee Dr. Mead's ingenious Treatiſe de Imperio Solis et Lunæ.

† A well-known phyſical Fortune-Teller and Calculator of Nativities, now, or lately, living near the Old Bailey.

‡ In the great Algernon Sidney's Caſe, his being able to *read* might as well have been declared an *Overt-Act* of High Treaſon, as his *Writing* was.---The Judge *Jeffries* of *that Day* held, that " *Scribere* eſt *Agere*."

" See!

" See! on his Breaſt (I vow it makes me laugh)---
" See! ſee! good Nurſe! the *Bear and ragged Staff**!
" As if ſome Fairy in her Cups had ſtole
" My little Prieſt from *Hockley in the Hole* †."

Now Silence reign'd; and, ſmiling on the Wreaths
Which *Shakeſpeare* held, the candid Goddeſs breathes
In ſofteſt Accents her well-judg'd Decree,
Which B-te's *Reviewers* heard upon their Knee:

" Behold! in me impartial Phœbus ſits,
Redreſſing thus by Proxy injur'd Wits,
Whom *Scottiſh* Zeal (for *Scots* can beſt *abuſe*)
Hath monthly gall'd in impotent *Reviews*.
'Tis true, ſuch Critics are but harmleſs Things,
Yet why ſhou'd *Drones* affect *Hyblæan* Stings?

* In this hieroglyphical Character the late ingenious Mr. *Hogarth* depicted his Antagoniſt Mr. *Churchill*, a buſtling, *ſacerdotal Genius*, our Engliſh *Juvenal*, but a great Party-Man, like Brother *Hornio*.

† This Place was formerly the grand Receptacle for Mobs, where they were every week diverted with the noble Recreations of the *Bear Garden*.—There, too, *Aſſes* were ſometimes baited with *Fire-Works*—What a *royal* Entertainment would this be, if improved by the Refinements of a S--dw-ch, who has lately waſted ſo much Gunpowder on Squibs and Crackers in Portſmouth Harbour.

Drones I call thoſe whoſe injur'd Brain begets
Phyſical Dreams, or Matter for *Duets*;
Or Traps to catch *perpetual Motion* ſets.
Want of due Candour is a crying Sin,
And ſpeaks in *Critics* ſomewhat baſe *within*.
Sons ſhall I call you?---That's too ſoft a Name
For Vultures who ſubſiſt on mangled Fame.
Juſtice, in Pity tenderly delay'd,
Might well ſuſpend you from this *carping* Trade.
Pens are not Weapons fit for Hands to wield,
Which ſhou'd have labour'd in the Barn or Field,
Wav'd o'er thick Sculls the well-conducted Flail,
Or ſtoutly ſteer'd the Plough's reluctant Tail.
Then on your *Equal** you had ſafely trod,
Triumphant o'er th' unanimated Clod.
If *Greek* and *Latin* don't ſurpaſs your Reach,
Did *Horace*, or his *Stagyrite*, e'er teach
Thoſe Rules by which you *partially* decide
On Bards who buffet the *Butean* Tide?

* Here the learned and *polite* Doctor *Kenrick* may obſerve that the Terms *Equal* and *Fellow* are ſynonymous.

The

The Gift of *Cenſure*, *Bentley*-like, to prize
Beyond juſt Bounds, is not to *criticize*:
But, ere a Work is born *, to paſs its Doom,
And cruſh it with Abortives in the Womb;
Cruelly baſe, with unexampled Spite,
To blaſt Conceptions ere they ſee the Light;
Of candid Juſtice can this bear the Name?
On thee, *Longinus*, who can throw this Blame?
Thy *Cenſures* no intemp'rate Warmth diſclos'd;
By thee due Wreaths with Pleaſure were diſpos'd,
Nor, on Account of *Party*, e'er withheld,
Juſt to the *Piece* where even *Foes* excell'd.
No vulgar Acclamations *Genius* ſeeks;
Not to the *many*, but the *few* ſhe ſpeaks:
With juſt Diſcernment thro' juſt Mediums ſteers,
'Twixt learned *Rabble*, and illit'rate *Peers*.

* Here, Qui *capit*, ille *facit*.—The Anecdote hinted at is true in fact, and actually happened, not long ago, between an Author who had not *publiſhed* his Work, and a certain *Reviewer*, who had accidentally got a Scent of what was then only in the *Preſs*.—He *reviewed* and moſt candidly *cenſured* it, at a Venture, before *Publication*.—Let ſuch a *Critic* bluſh (if he can), and *mend*.

To

To her (who *Wiſdom* courts, not Claps that ſtun)
Plato would be an *Audience*, tho' but *one* *.
That many-throated Monſter, called a *Mob*,
Who praiſe, and cenſure too, by Way of *Job* †,
With their applauding Shouts may follow *Thanes*,
And *Kings*, who well reward 'em for their Pains.
By *hir'd* Applauſes Poets are diſgrac'd,
Themſelves and Writings equally debas'd.
No *Critics*, tho' *well-paid*, ſhou'd dare to *bite*,
But ſuch as know how hard it is to write.
Well-paid!---Harſh Epithet!---Its Wound I'll cure,
And call it, more politely, a *Douceur*,
My candid *Addiſon*, in plaineſt Proſe,
Traces the Source from whence dull *Cenſure* flows---
From *Ignorance* and blind *Stupidity*---
So Writers mythological agree.
Nature to her's a *dull*, *rhapſodic* Scene;
To her *Simplicity* and *Eaſe* are *mean*.

* An ancient Poet (no Matter for his Name) was reciting his Verſes before a large Audience: on a ſudden they dropped off, one by one, and left only the Poet and the great *Plato* together. The Bard proceeded with more Spirit than before, declaring afterwards to his Friends that *Plato* was in himſelf a ſufficient Audience.

† Employed by Adminiſtration to *huzza*, or *hiſs*, on proper Occaſions.

Of

Of modern Poets ſhe conceives ſmall Hopes,
Unleſs they're flounc'd and furbelow'd with *Tropes*.
Ev'n in *Epiſtles** they muſt be profuſe,
And right, or wrong, let all *Parnaſſus* looſe.
From Roſe to Daiſy ſtrip the forked Hill,
And ev'ry Page like a Dutch-Garden fill,
Where Colours vie with Colours in full Blow,
Cloying the Sight, confus'd by florid Show.
Suppoſe the Bard complies; this is not all:
In ev'ry Line *Wit*, thick as Snow, muſt fall;
In ev'ry Piece rich *Poeſy* be found,
And thro' all Subjects *Imagery* abound.
Such Critics make the raweſt School-Boy ſmile:
Why, diff'rent Subjects claim a diff'rent *Style*.
E'vn matchleſs *Home*† in *Comedy* wou'd ſhock
A *Scot*, if he diſdain'd to wear the *Sock*.
When humble Authors humble Subjects chuſe,
The Choice controls the Judgment of the Muſe.

* Here the *Sermo pedeſtris* prevails.—*Eaſe*, and not Brilliancy, florid Eloquence, ſparkling Wit, and poetical Imagery, characterizes this Species of Writing.

† The thrice celebrated Scotch Author of that immortal *Sophoclean* Tragedy called *Douglas*—which procured the unparalleled Author a Penſion from *Laird* B-te of 300l. per Annum, as Conſervator at *Campvere*.—*Conſervator!*—of *what?*

No Images ſublime her Fancy ſeize,
She thinks familiarly, and writes with Eaſe.
As in *Pall-Mall*, juſt ſo in *Pindus'* Shade,
One friſks in *Lawn*, one figures in *Brocade*.
Why ſhou'd we quarrel with an eaſy Mien,
In any Garb, where *Symmetry* is ſeen?
Thro' Nature this ſure Rule let *Critics* try;
"Not *Dreſs*, but *Diſproportion* hurts the Eye."
The Man of Letters, when his Palate's chaſte,
Diſcovers his ſound Judgement by his *Taſte*.
Candour muſt honour Poets, tho' they bring
Cups but half-fill'd from the Pierian Spring.
If *Judgment*, when ſhe taſtes, can feel a Glow,
Why ſhou'd *Fools* wiſh to ſee 'em overflow?
Whilſt Bards in various Ways addreſs the Heart,
Muſt *Truth* and *Nature* ſtoop to *Critic-Art*,
And in *B-te's* Cauſe *Reviewers* act *N--th's* Part?
Brow-beat clear *Truth*, where they can point no Faults,
Yet hug a *Stuart's* Muſe, howe'er ſhe halts?
Strangers to *Candour!* curs'd with *Cenſure's* Gift!
Like *Momus*, tho' poetic Works you ſift;

Tho'

Tho', ſure of ſelf-Applauſe, you do your beſt,
And *Dunce* to *Dunce* ſhines *Stagyrite* confeſt;
Grant, that (all *Bentley*'s in your own Conceit,)
From ſome few Huſks you ſift a Sack of Wheat;
At whoſe Expence do *Critics* toil and laugh,
When they're rewarded only with the *Chaff?*
That Prize be *yours*---with *Genius Juſtice* reigns:
Thus juſt *Apollo* thanks you for your Pains.
Henceforth, be candid where you can't reſpect;
Snarl at no Bard whoſe Verſe you can't *correct*;
Bite thoſe who let a *Sov'reign Knave* ſlip by,
Or varniſh *Bute*'s *Eulogium* with a *Lie*.
The *beſt of Kings* inſtructive Satire mends;
And Muſes, who ſpeak *Truth*, are *England*'s Friends."

FINIS.

The following Pamphlets have been lately published by
J. BEW, *No.* 28, Pater-Noſter-Row.

I. Price One Shilling, the 2d Edition of

THE WATCH, an Ode. Humbly inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of *M---f---d.*

To which is added,

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA TO GEN. CARLETON. An Ode.

——— Timeo *Danaos* et *Dona* ferentes.

France ſends a *Preſent*; *England* ſmiles and liſtens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that gliſtens."

II. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

ROYAL PERSEVERANCE; a Poem, &c.

———————"Ill ſtand,
"As if a Man were *Author of himſelf*,
"And knew *no other Kin*."———
SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.—Picture of *Obſtinate Perſeverance*.

III. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

TYRANNY the WORST TAXATION, a Poetical Epiſtle to the Right Honourable Lord N——, oſtenſible Prime M——r.

——"In *Poiſon* there is *Phyſic*." SHAKESPEAR.

IV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

An Epiſtle to W-----m E--l of M---f---d, the moſt unpopular Man in the Kingdom, except his ——— and L--d *B*——.

———————"A *hovering Temporizer*, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee *Good* and *Evil*,
Inclining to *them both*."———
SHAKESP. Wint. Tale.

V. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

Capt. PAROLLES at *M-nden*; a rough Sketch for the Royal Academy, &c.

Parolles.—"I am a Man whom Fortune hath *cruelly ſcratched*—I find *my Tongue* is too "*fool hardy*; but my *Heart* hath the *Fear of Mars* before it, and of all his Creatures, not "daring the Reports of *my Tongue*."
Helena.—"You muſt needs be born *under Mars* when he was *retrograde*, you go ſo much "*backwards* when you *fight*."
Shakeſp.—All's Well, that *Ends Well*.

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VI. Price Two Shillings,

THE FAVOURITE; a Character from the Life.

——"Is this the *gallant*, gay LOTHARIO?"——ROWE's Fair Penitent.